AN

ACCOUNT

OF A

GIRL,

OF

Twelve Years of Age,

Who lived on Lord Collier's Manor, in the Province of Lower Canada; who was converted to the love of God in a wonderful manner, and it proved to be a hopeful conversion of the whole family and a great many of the neighbors in the town.

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Mrs Lena McDonald Wilson
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CONVERSION.

I SHALL now relate the wonderful conversion of a girl, who lived on Collier's Manor in the Province of Lower Canada, called Polly Sterns. Her father was a poor man, a man that was apt to drink hard, and a man of no religion; no, not so much as a form of religion; he was very unguarded in his conversation, and would frequently curse and swear very bad, and his wife and children followed his example, and there was much quarrelling and contention between him and his wife. She would often upbraid him for drunkenness, and he would upbraid her for laziness and wastefulness; thus it was an uncomfortable family, and they did not seem to fear God nor man.

They had about two miles from them, a very godly neighbor by the name of Marsh, whose wife wanted this Polly Sterns to come and live with her, and Polly's mother said she might go, if she was willing. Polly said she was willing, and Mrs. Marsh took her home with her. As they were going along, Mrs. Marsh asked her how old she was? She said a little above twelve years. Why, said Mrs. Marsh, your mother is well off for help. Yes, said Polly, if they were willing to work; my old-

est sister is sixteen years old, and the other fourteen, and although my mother curses and swears at them almost half the time, yet they do not both of them do a maid's days work in a day. Can you spin, Polly? said Mrs. Marsh, Yes, said Polly, a little, I should have learned better, but the girls were always swearing at me if I meddled with their wheels; it was that which made me so willing to go to your house, I hope you will let me learn to spin? Yes, Polly, said Mrs. Marsh, you may spin as much as you please, and I will learn you all that I can.

At night, before Mr. Marsh went to bed, he went to prayer, and as Polly had never heard a prayer in her life before, she was surprised to see Mr. Marsh talking to something as if he saw and was conversing with somebody. She could not see any body that he could be talking to, and this gave her some uneasiness in her mind, as she afterwards related. But the next morning, Mr. Marsh had another spell of talking as he had the night before, and Polly was now more surprised than she was before; for she now knew there was nobody in sight, as she went to the windows and looked out to see if she could find who he was talking to, but she could not, and she felt so uneasy, that soon after prayers she told Mrs. Marsh she wanted to go home. Mr. Marsh asked her what she wanted to go home

for? She would not tell, but said I will come again. Well, said Mrs. Marsh, you may go home, but I hope you will come again. She said she would, and home she went.

As soon as she got home, she informed her father and mother of Mr. Marsh's talking last night and this morning, and dear daddy said she, who do you think he was talking to? To the Devil, I suppose, said the father.

The poor girl got no satisfaction, and went back to Mr. Marsh's, but looked exceeding sober, as she could not find out who it was, or for what he has these spells of talking. At night Mr. Marsh went to prayer again, and as soon as he had done, Polly went to him and said, pray Mr. Marsh, who have you been talking to? Mr. Marsh said the question struck his mind with such a serious enquiry, whether he had been in heart praying to God, or whether he had been mocking God with lip service, that at first he made no answer, but at length he said, why Polly, I have been trying to pray to God. To God, said Polly, where is he? Oh! said Mr. Marsh, he is in all places and spaces, he fills immensity, he sees, hears and knows all things, even all our thoughts; did you know, Polly, that there was such a God? I have heard, said Polly, my father and mother swear by God, a great many times, but I did not know who he was, or where he was; neither did I think of his being so near

to us as to hear or know what we did or said.

Mr. Marsh then went on, and informed Polly of God's creating the world, of Adam and Eve, of their being made upright and free from sin, of their being placed in the garden of Paradise and of their rebellion against God, by eating the forbidden fruit, & that all mankind must have been sent to hell after death, to a place of fire and brimstone, if it had not been for the Lord Jesus Christ, who, said he, has suffered for our sins, died on a cross of wood, his feet being nailed to the fatal wood, and there expired for the love he had for poor sinners, so that all sinners may now be saved that will believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ, but all that do not repent of their sins and believe in and love him, must still go to hell, for if they love sin more than Christ, they must eternally perish.

Mr. Marsh talked and enlightened her mind in gospel truth for the space of two hours, till at last Polly cried out, Oh! Mr. Marsh, what shall I do? I am a poor undone creature, I have lied, cursed and swore, been disobedient to my father and mother, quarrelled with my brothers and sisters and oftentimes wished them in hell, and did not know what a place hell was till this night; and now I expect I am going to that dreadful place myself. Mr. Marsh told her, that if she would believe in, and love the Lord Jesus Christ, she might be

saved. Oh! said she how can I believe that Christ can or will save me when I am so great a sinner? Oh! Polly, said Mr. Marsh, your being a great sinner, will not hinder your being saved if you are but willing to be saved.—Oh! dear, Mr. Marsh, said she, I feel willing to be saved, and if I possibly could, I would be saved from that dreadful hell. That, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, I expect is true, but you must want to be saved from your sins, as well as from the punishment of sin.

It had got to be late in the night, and all went to bed, but Polly slept not a wink, as she afterwards informed; for, she said, she was afraid she should awake in hell, and therefore dare not go to sleep.

This distress of mind continued about three weeks, when she was brought to see that God could for Christ's sake, save her and all sinners that trusted in him; and then she cried out glory to God, for what he is in himself, and for the gift of Jesus his dear Son, for poor perishing sinners like me; Oh! Mr. Marsh, said she, I see such a fullness in Christ's merits that there is enough for all the world if they will but accept of it.

She now wanted to go home, to see her father and mother, brothers and sisters. Well, Polly, said Mr. Marsh, you may ride my horse, and he tackled his horse with his wife's side-saddle. When Polly got home, she found

her father and mother in one of their old quarrels, cursing and swearing. This almost broke Polly's heart, and she could do nothing but weep. Her father said, what ails our Poll? She has got to be a fool, and does nothing but snivel and roar. But Polly could not speak till it got to be near bed time, when the old man said, well, I intend to go to bed. Then Polly's mouth was opened, she went to her daddy and said, Oh! dear daddy, will you go to prayer first? Mr. Marsh prays every night and morning, and the Lord hears him, and they live exceedingly happy; it was to God he was praying when I did not know who he was talking to. Do, dear daddy, pray before you go to bed.—I won't pray, said the old man, they may pray that have a mind to, I shall not pray. Well, dear daddy, said she, may I pray? Yes, said the old man, all night if you have a mind to.—Poor little Polly kneeled down, and cried out, Oh! thou great Creator of all worlds, thou God of love, for Jesus Christ's sake help each soul of us, here in thy presence, to pray and cry unto thee for the pardon of our sins, for without help from thee we must eternally perish. Oh! dear Jesus, grant me thy spirit that I may be enabled to pray, for I cannot pray aright without thy spirit. Oh! gracious God, we are all sinners and are bound to the world of hell if we do not repent; Oh! gracious God, wilt thou give us all a heart to re-

beat of our sins, Oh! most gracious God, wilt thou help my honored father to pray! Oh! dear Lord, give him to see that it is his indispensable duty, to pray for and with the family that God has given him.

By this time the father began to pray sure enough. The Lord, said he, have mercy on my soul, I am undone without help from God —what shall I do? I have never done any thing but sin against God and I expect that hell must be my portion for ever and ever. The mother was likewise crying out, what must I do? I have spent a whole life in sin!—Oh! Lord, have mercy, was all she could say.

The children, by this time, were all weeping, being under concern of mind, and as soon as Polly had done prayers she began to exhort her brothers and sisters, in a most pressing manner, to fly for refuge to Jesus Christ, as the only way to be saved; and then she related all that Mr. Marsh had told her and the effect that it had upon her mind, and how she got comfort; and, said she, I see merit enough in Christ, for all the world that will trust in him and love him, and hate sin and forsake it.

There was not a wink of sleep in the family the whole night, but all were crying and praying for mercy. The father wanted Polly to pray again, for, said he, I believe you have got an interest at the throne of grace. Poor

little Polly fell on her knees and implored mercy for her dear father and mother, and all her tender brothers and sisters, for a long time, and at last cried out, Oh! Lord, I do not know how to let thee go, or how to leave off crying to thee, except thou bless these distressed souls by the pardon of their sins.

Before Polly had done praying, the father and mother cried out, glory to God for his infinite love and goodness, and they both sung redeeming grace and dying love, and poor Polly's heart, rejoicing at God's goodness, was praising God with her parents.

Oh my dear wife, said the father, I used to quarrel and find fault with you, but Oh! it was myself that was wholy to blame, and not you—I pray, my dear wife, that you would forgive me—I hope I shall never do again so wickedly as I have done. Oh! my dear husband, said the mother, it was not you that was to blame for our contentions, it was myself, my dear husband, and if you can forgive me I hope never to treat you wickedly again.

All former difficulties were settled and made up, and within the space of three weeks, all the brothers and sisters were hopefully converted, and a very happy house it is. This wonderful work in this family, was noised all over the manor, and almost every body came to see them, and as the family were very free in telling what God had done for their souls;

t proved a matter of conviction, so that in he space of about twelve months, a good umber of precious souls were hopefully con- erted to the love of God. This was in the ear 1794, and may be depended on as truth.

FINIS.